

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

President General—Mrs. Cynthia W. Allen,
Headquarters—96 Fifth Avenue, New York.
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"Have you a kindness shown?
Pass it on;
'Twas not given for you alone,
Pass it on;
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on;

Motto—Good Cheer.
Colors—Yellow and white.
State Color—Deep Orange.
Flower—Coreopsis.
Song—"Scatter Sunshine."

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

A Life Book.

Life, I have made a book of my mistakes;
Regret hath clasped, and sin hath blotted it
And in it all my blunders clearly writ.
And therein do I find much knowledge hid—
Wisdom that layeth hold of every sense
With the strong grasp of past experience
And would you study with me? Nay,
my friend,
Not one may read and benefit thereby
In all the world, not one—save only I.
—Theodosia Garrison.

The Legend On the Ring.

The bard to joyful numbers touched
the string.
The festal day was bright with
feast and dance;
While through his splendid palace
strode the king,
And shed the bounty of his gracious
glance.
Then at the height of joy he turned
his ring—
Remembering the father, gone for
aye,
And read therefrom: "And this shall
pass away."
Within his gorgeous chamber sat the
king,
Crownless and crushed by weight
of common woe;
His loving queen has felt death's
cureless sting,
And his twin heart is broken by
the blow;
His very scepter seems a worthless
thing.
Lo, to the depth of anguish speeds
the ray
Shot from the ring: "And this shall
pass away."
His conquering soldiers songs of tri-
umph sing,
Or wail despairing dirges for defeat;
Now good, now evil chance befalls
the king,
Still doth the ring its calm refrain
repeat;
And still, his sometime vow remem-
bering,
'Neath skies of dazzling blue or dreary
gray,
He reads anew: "And this shall pass
away."

Thus time upon its bosom bore the
king,
Adown its tranquil years and years
of strife;
And, as there comes an end to every-
thing,
At length his reign is closing with
his life.
Unto the prince he reaches forth
his ring,
Saying, "Though I go, my royal house
shall stay"—
Nor recked to read: "And this shall
pass away."
—Hunter MacCulloch.

The Long Ago.

When the children are all asleep,
And the lights are burning low,
Is the only time to keep
In touch with the long ago.
And dream of that land of magic,
The Land of Never Again,
Where naught abides of the tragic
Note of our life of pain.

That land where the children wander,
Hand in hand at play,
Through gardens where the flowers
Alone obstruct the way.

Through cool recesses vernal,
Of forests dim and deep,
Breathing the calm, eternal
Spirit of the peaceful sleep.

Where sin has never molded
Sorrow from human clay,
And the children's hands are folded
In prayer at the close of day.

But the years, whose long succession
In an endless chain proceeds,
Can never make the concession
Besought by our human needs

Behind the obvious incident with
John Chadwick was always the eter-
nal lesson demanding expression. His
poems are not without their singing
qualities, but this is never merely the
lilt of the care-free warbler. The
mystery and wonder and tragedy and
spiritual meaning of life are ever
with him. At times his thought is of
startling originality, as in Counter-
Accusation:

"I stood beside the body of one dead
Who had in life been alien to all
good;

Had ever with the baser party
stood,

Was ever to the meaner practice wed,
But now the form from which the
soul had fled

Was calm as sleep, and, on the
marble face,
Of gross or evil passion not one
trace

Remained. Then, softly to myself I
said:
Much do we hear about the grievour
wrong

Done by the flesh to the indwelling
soul;

But here was one—and many there
may be

Like him—whose spiritual part was
strong

The subject flesh most basely to
control.

Now from that long enslavement it is
free."

The dreams of those who have
passed far into the "Land of Never
Again" are usually rather serious up-
on these recurring festivals.

The books of our mistakes can
never be sealed, nor should we wish
it. We mourn and contend against
the grievous ills, the flesh has done to
the indwelling soul with a tinge of
compassion.

Now and when can we control, sub-
due or even resist in small degree
those wrongs ever arising from that
power not spiritual nor strong enough
to conquer the baseness of the flesh?
This and this have passed away. By
wisdom alone, laying hold with the
strong grasp of past experiences, can
we grapple with the mighty forces
of evil warring with humanity, for-
tified by the divine spirit of love and
self-sacrifice.

A Great Undertaking.

To all the Sunshiners in the United
States and to all who may wish to
become members by a kind word, ac-
tion or gift (this is all the fee); Your
interest is asked for a great undertak-
ing, which can be accomplished very
soon if every member will "lend a
hand."

We hope those who have never
heard of the Sunshine homes, hospi-
tals, branches, etc., will ask questions
and learn about the wonderful work
being done by the society.

A new proposition has been made
to the president-general and has elic-
ited her hearty interest—that the so-
cieties should unite in building a na-
tional Sunshine home for women
teachers in Washington, D. C.

Other associations have fine build-
ings and undertake great work; why
should not this society do so, too?

Some articles have been written
about it, and one says: "Nearly all
woman teachers work to support
others. They care for aged parents,
support brothers and sisters, etc.
Many of them see with dismay the

approach of old age or ill-health, and
no one to care for them. Who better
deserves a return from those benefi-
ted, or a memorial to faithful work,
than those whose lives have been
spent in influencing multitudes in the
right way?"

In such a home as the one planned
many might live and find light em-
ployment to cover expenses, or do
work by which they could expand the
undertaking and so help others.

The originator of this plan—herself
a teacher—has sent to Mrs. Alden the
first subscription, \$10, asking that 100
members—many of whom can spare
ten times the amount—will join with
her in trying to raise \$1,000. The
first thousand is always the hardest
to secure.

There are so many munificent gifts
being made now that the Sunshiners
hope the plan will touch the hearts
of some able philanthropists and that
the home may be endowed and es-
tablished very soon.

All communications should be ad-
dressed to Mrs. Cynthia Westover Al-
den, 96 Fifth Avenue, New York, or
to the Rev. Z. H. Copp, 478 Louisiana
Avenue, Washington, D. C.

As president of the Cheerful Co-
respondence Circle I have for years
struggled with the never-ending prob-
lem of raising funds for numerous
expenses, and at last I have hit upon
a plan that Mrs. Alden suggests I
present to all presidents and organi-
zers, and it is this:

Many members and shut-ins are
anxious to earn a little pin money for
themselves, and also to help their
Sunshine circle, and here is the plan
I have now in operation that works
splendidly and pleases everybody.
You know how popular souvenir post
cards are at present, and from an
educational standpoint are decidedly
instructive and interesting. Then
again they are practical for short
messages and greetings, and always
prove agreeable surprises to the recip-
ients.

My plan is to appoint an agent for
selling souvenir post cards in every
Sunshine circle. She can sell the
cards to her friends and Sunshine
members, keeping some of the profit
for her trouble and contributing a
small share to her Sunshine circle.

The Sunshine souvenir post card
parties are a new way of entertain-
ing friends of the circle. A number of
cards of prominent views are placed
about the room and each one guesses
the name of the building or view the
card represents. A small admission
is usually charged for the guessing
party, and the girls can add to the
pleasure of the evening by having
music and light refreshments. Prizes
are generally a set of pretty cards
and anything appropriate for the
booby prize.

Will you discuss this plan with
some member of your circle who
wants to earn some pin money and
hand her the inclosed catalogue and
pricelist? She can send me her order
and money for same in stamps or
money order. I am certain she will
be pleased to sell the cards and her
friends will be glad to see the inter-
esting places, because, alas! our pur-
ses do not permit all of us to travel.
Sad, but true!

Pin Money for Sunshiners.

Any invalid, shut-in or Sunshine
member who wishes to earn a little
pin money can hear of a pleasant
and profitable way, through selling
souvenir post cards to friends, by
addressing: Miss Clara Herman, 2,329
Broadway, New York City. Miss Her-
man's plan is a novel one that will
appeal to all, and when writing to
her send 4 cents in stamps to cover
postage of an answer and sample post
card.

Sunshine post card parties are lots
of fun and always bring plenty of
fun and funds to Sunshine circles.
Be sure to send 4 cents in stamps to
cover cost of sample postals.

JUNIOR SUNSHINE.

The Boy Who Is Liked.

The boy who's polite to his mother
And shows her that he loves her
the best,
Who offers her rocker and pillow
When tired and needing a rest,
Who proudly will carry her parcels
And asks her when needing advice;;
The boy who will do what she asks
him
Without being asked by her twice.
The boy who shows love for his
mother
And treats her the best that he can,
Is the boy who is loved and respected,
The boy who will make a good man.

How Children Can Help.

It is in the power of all young peo-
ple, and even children, to help make
the home bright and happy. It is
not costly furniture or adornments
purchased with money that make
home the dearest spot in the world.
It is smiling faces, gentle words and
the many little deeds that all can do
which create a true home.

A Thanksgiving Talk.

Even little children know how
pleasant it is to play when the sun
shines, and to dance in its rays, and
how dull it is on stormy days.

Then you know that at home and
at school, when children are pleasant
and listen carefully to what father,
mother and teacher say, everyone is
so much happier than when they are
dull and sullen.

This is what we call being sunny.
Mrs. Alden, whose husband is
named John Alden, like the one whom
Miss Jacobi recited, and who is des-
cended from him, formed what is
called the International Sunshine
Society, from this very idea—by the
simple act of passing on a beautiful
Christmas card decorated with pansies
and thought verses.

Scattering sunshine is what makes
us all Sunshine members.
"Each day to do some kind act for
somebody quick."

There are little "one kindness" rays
which children can scatter. Some
of you have worn pins and rosettes
of yellow and white ribbon.

When a child wears these, or when
we meet one who in return for a
flower or some courtesy explains that
he or she is a "Sunshine fairy" or
"Sunbeam," all who know about them
are made happy.

Big people scatter little rays, and
big ones, also, over this country, for
which we are so thankful today, and
in countries over the seas also.

There are homes for cripples, news-
boys, sailors, hospitals for them, and
many others; scholarships, and in
summer funds are raised for ice and
fresh air and milk, and so many
things done that I know you can now
understand what it means to be sun-
shiny.

This month we have gathered up
Thanksgiving offerings, and you have
helped. Sunshine all over Florida has
been sent for the Children's Home
Society of Florida.

Once you sent a pretty dress and
clothes which were put on little Liz-
zie when she was taken to a beautiful
home.

Now she is probably a sunshine
ray, and will help you all pass on
Christmas cheer, which Sunshiners
will gather through December, for it
will never do to let these little and
big rays cease from spreading. The
whole world would get dull very soon,
just as houses get dull when no sun-
shines in, or hearts get sad when there
is no one to pour the sunshine of love
and tenderness and good cheer into
them.
MRS. BRADT.

"The true Southern watermelon is
a boon apart and not to be mentioned
with commoner things. It is the
chief of the world's luxuries, king by
the grace of God over all the fruits of
the earth. When one has tasted it
he knows what the Angels eat. It
was not a Southern watermelon that
Eve took, we know it, because she
repented."—Exchange.